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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDW. YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purc'as'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into Parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?----
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satarize with nothing---but their praise? SAT. I.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

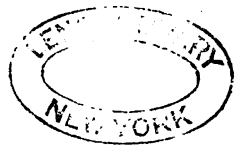
PRINTED AT THE Apollo Press,

BY GEORGE CAWTHORN, NO. 132, STRAND;

BOOKSELLER AND PRINTER TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1803.


NEW YORK

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

LAST DAY,	EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,
FORCE OF RELIGION,	EPISTLE TO L. LANSDOWN,
LOVE OF FAME,	LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Tho' bold these truths, thou Muse! with truths like these
Will none offend when 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence!
And since from life I take the draught you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me;
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all. SAT. III.

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THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

1803.

THE LAST DAY.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies.-------- VIRG.

BOOK I.

Ipsè pater, media nimborum in nocte coruscà
Fulmina molitur dextrà Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere ferae; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.------- VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great,
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,
With Britain's hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring. I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis our eternal King I strive to praise.
But chiefly thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon' sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt ev'n me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my soul dispel;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.
Man! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face;
See spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store,
See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar,
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
Their vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings' and kingdoms' fortunes in their beds:

There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride,
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? the lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year control:
They shine thro' time with an unalter'd ray,
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's fickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The track forgot where constellation shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
(Ye sublunary Worlds! awake, awake!
Ye Rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominion lay,
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;

Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginery, discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind
Can promise from the safety of mankind.
None are supinely good; thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest;
Man's is laborious happiness at best:
On this side death his dangers never cease;
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.
If then, obsequious to the will of Fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When Beauty smiles, or Grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake:

Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look'd regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And Death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my Muse! whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy Maid! if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair,
Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;

A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring;
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell:
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,
No light but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad:
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
Such, Earth! thy fate: what then can thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?

It flies the reach of thought: oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,
While Death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.
His heart dismay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.
But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less.
Heav'ns! how the good man trembles?---

And is there a Last Day? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition! swell, and thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow;
Wealth! on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine!
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty! shine:
Shine all, in all your charms together rise,
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave?
What equals thus? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught but God and my own soul.
For ever, then, my Soul! thy God adore,
Nor let the brute-creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command;
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,
When Darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past,
Their courage sickens into deep dismay.
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease:
Now they devote their treasures to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but, oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems and gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he 's number'd with the dead.

(Hear, O ye Just! attend ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace;
He bridles in the monsters of the deep;
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.
  But still arise new wonders; Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state,
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound,
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.
  As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size,
The prophet views the cavern with surprise,
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side;
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear,
Or falls immers'd into the deeps below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade;
Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves;
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves;
When the third morning, with its level rays,
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore;
A type of that great blessing which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

End of Book First.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust; after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head,
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost.
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
I grasp the whole; no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to humankind:
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
  Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep.

To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust;
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck, perhaps, to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord:
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe;
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade:
No trumpet's sound, no gasping armies yell,
Bid with due horror, his great soul farewell:
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,

Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.
So swarming bees that on a summer's day,
In airy rings and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,
And, gentle circling, on a bough descend.
The body, thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid,
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd, for her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weeds for ever her immortal frame:
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.
Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind;
Before the structure firm, with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.
That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome, *
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come

* Westminster-Abbey.

From camps and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave;
All 's full of man; and at this dreadful turn
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night;
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;

Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien.
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move.
An earth dissolving and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on ev'ry side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here Greatness prostrate falls; there strength gives place,
Here lazars smile; there Beauty hides her face
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With jaster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind:
In that illustrious rank what shining light,
With such distinguish'd glory, fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse! that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! * hail, illustrious names!
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;

* Founders of New-college, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the Author was a member.

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown;
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to humankind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal Mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
Of ev'ry star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?
Or as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!
But, oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.
This mighty scene I next presume to draw;
Attend great Anna! with religious awe;

Expect not here, the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts.
Fiction! be far away; let no machine,
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen;
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
  Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below,
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;
Adam salutes his youngest son: no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.
  How empty learning, and how vain is art!
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days?
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar unnoted to your presence stands.
  How vast the concourse! not the number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,

The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire Fall; another Stand;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host;
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, Sons of men! prepare!"
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And Hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord,
Who, on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye.---Alas! my Muse!
How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;

Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray,
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where time, and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient to his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold, (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlasting Son,
Crown'd with that Majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, Dominion, Praise, Omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er, serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect or find a paradise;
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames:

On one hand Knowledge shines in purest light;
On one the sword of Justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n the Source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic: bless'd with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of glory! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from him who, meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [dy'd?
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?
And was't enough to bid the sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd,---I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height:
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze;
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound:
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court:
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the column
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;

Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm they wish it all a dream;
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway:
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
" Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

" Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise:
" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
" Oh may my understanding eyes read
" This glorious volume which thy wisdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
" May sea, and land, and earth, and heav'n, be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my Heart! the Majesty Divine.
" Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
" Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:

" 'Tis thou that leadst our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the North.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
" Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
" And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of consummate love;
" Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
" My endless worship shall be still begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn Night
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world 's shut, and awful planets rise,
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
" Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
" And shew all Nature in a milder light;
" How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides!
" How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
" O how divine! to tread the Milky Way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
" While I long vigils to its founder keep!
" Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh, control,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul.
" Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Restrain the various tumults of my blood:

" Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
" Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain,
" O may I pant for thee in each desire!
" And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
" Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
" At the great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
" From age to age my grateful song repeat;
" My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
" And rival angels in the praise of thee."

End of Book Second.

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœlli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret. OVID MET.

The book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next presume to sing. What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains;
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles; she 's inflam'd, so near the goal;
She mounts: she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expense:
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;

Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my Soul! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shook the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eyeballs roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul:
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far, thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,
How would it wound? what millions wouldst thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace,

Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant Beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in bless'd angels kindle love!
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn,
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,

Look round, vainglorious Muse! and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd;
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;
All lost! all undistinguish'd! nowhere found!
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which the Almighty King on high,
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north and west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.----

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Thro' heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.

Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, more dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey:
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race;
Proceed who dares!---I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight;
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis distant; I behold it now:
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast
In these, or words like these, shall be expressed.

"Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
"Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save,
"But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode;
"And cast me out into the wrath of God;
"Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
"And all the dreadful eloquence of Pain,
"Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
"The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
"Must all those pow'rs Heav'n gave me to supply
"My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy;

" Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
" Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe;
" And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
" And with existence only measure pain?
" What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is love extinguish'd in the Source of love?
" Bold that I am, did Heav'n stoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of Life my ransom seal?
" Have I not been industrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obstinately broke?
" Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate
" Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning flame;
" Just is my lot---but, oh! must it transcend
" The reach of time, despair a distant end?
" With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
" Where Thought cann't follow, and bold Fancy dies!
" Never! where falls the soul at that dread sound?
" Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
" Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
" My plunge but still begun---and this for sin?
" Could I offend if I had never been,

" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
" Plow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
" Father of mercies! why from silent earth
" Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?
" Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
" And make a thankless present of thy light!
" Push into being a reverse of thee,
" And animate a clod with misery?
" The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep:
" Pain is for man; and, oh! how vast a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies and death away?
" As our dire punishment for ever strong,
" Our constitution, too, for ever young,
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same,
" Pow'rful to bear, and satisfy the flame;
" Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
" To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
" And this, my Help! my God! at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.
" And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
" And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
" Calling thee Father in a sea of fire?
" Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?
" With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?

" Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
" Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me almighty wrath is cast away.
" Call back thy thunders, Lord? hold in thy rage;
" Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
" Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
" But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
" Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
" And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
" Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and, oh! grant, great God! at least
" This one, this slender, almost no request;
" When I have wept a thousand lives away,
" When Torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
" Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."
Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Tho' loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He 's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God,

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above,
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'ns wide circumference with praise.
But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin let others end;
My strength exhausting, fainting I descend,
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire:
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light?

From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky;
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.
Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook? [broke
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell,
Which seem'd, above the reach of Fate to stand
A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand,
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.
Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia; can her glories end?
And cann't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil, their water but augment the blaze.
Some angel say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?

Where stretch'd waste Lybia? where did Indiats store
Sparkle in di'monds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour:
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expense.
Have ye not seen th' eternal mountain's nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises thro' all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions but for man?

For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him thro' all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O Man! how great thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait;
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod,
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

End of Book Third.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR VANQUISHED LOVE.

A POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

BOOK I.

---- Ad coelum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas. VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
My Muse! descend: indulge my fond desire:
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of Fame.
  Hear, ye fair Daughters of this happy land!
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is beauty; but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And Fortune sets them in the strongest light,

'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all but adoration is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen was born:
When now Maria's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne,
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to know;
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord, and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye,
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.
At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my Lord; a crown indeed, is lost;
" What far outshines a crown we still may boast;
" A mind compos'd, a mind that can disdain
" A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
" Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal and return above;
" Above where no distinction shall be known
" 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne
" And him who, basking in the smiles of Fate,
" Shone forth in all the splendour of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a queen; I still am so,
" While Guildford's wife: thee rather I obey,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
" When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miss in empire add in love----
" Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
" For this alone I 'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head.

Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!---forgive me if he melt---
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride
In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish but she bore it well:
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now, silent, wander'd thro' the rooms of state,
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate,
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms,
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love! the vision of a day.
Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft' the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest;
Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,
She sinks; and in her sleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command:
With royal purple is her vision hung;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies;
Our pris'ner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in City had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams;
A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone and were no more:
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, tho' serious, when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom.
Sun! hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;

Or haste more swiftly to the western main,
Nor let her blood the conscious daylight stain!
Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
When Time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guildford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever Fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts and fears,
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her dearest father shall return,
From pouting tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart;
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the bless'd Indian of his cares beguile.
In vain these various reasons jointly press
To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her sight
To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace: to weeping friends
Her father and her lord she recommends,

Unmov'd herself: her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars; now nought on earth detains her care——
But Guilford, who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies.
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward, from the seats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
At length she conquers in the doubtful field:
That Heav'n she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death is welcome: his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh, Mortals! short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft' in life form one perpetual chain:
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!

A fonder parent Nature never knew,
And as his age increas'd his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd,
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way,
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She sighs and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.
Celestial Patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Passion takes her part, betrays our peace,
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now she revolves within her anxious mind
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn; the Queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy nor by piety confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd: and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan:
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.

Alas! should Guilford too---When now she 's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till Heav'n's decrees are known.
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears----
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damps away,
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
Slow like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confest;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the sky 's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend,
Till broke, at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

End of Book First.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis? VIRG

Her Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire.
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford, too, or she had loath'd the sight.
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan.
"Ah! Guilford!" she began, and would have spoke,
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest and withdrew.
So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell;
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?

It melts us down: our pains delight bestow,
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd: and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire;
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill dissembled grief, "My Life! forbear;
" You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
" Did you not chide my grief? repress your own,
" Nor want compassion for yourself alone.
" Have you beheld how, from the distant main,
" The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore,
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?
" Thus the successive flows of human race,
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;
" They sound and swell, their haughty heads they rear,
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
" Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay,
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
" Why should you mourn my fate? 'tis most unkind;
" Your own you bore with an unshaken mind:
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart
" That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
" I cannot live without you; and my doom
" I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—

" And are again your tears profusely spilt?
" Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itself if it recall your pain:---
" Life of my life! I beg you to refrain:
" The load which Fate imposes you increase,
" And help Maria to destroy my peace."
But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted the more she mourn'd.
Compassion swells our grief: words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
Her sorrow flow'd in streams; nor her's alone;
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd!
'Tis now the Queen's command they both retreat,
To weep with dignity and mourn in state:
She forms the decent misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black, all light
Shut out, and noonday darken'd into night:
From the mid roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky;
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room:
A shining axe is on the table laid,
A dreadful sight! and glitters thro' the shade,

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd,
A scene of terrors to a guilty mind!
A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry love but theirs,
What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes——
Then Guilford thus abruptly: "I despise
"An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
"But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
"Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
"In full possession of thy snowy hand!
"And, thro' th' unclouded crystal of thy eye,
"The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
"Till rapture reason happily destroys,
"And my soul wanders thro' immortal joys!
"Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss?
"I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, This.
"And shall the grave"---He groans, and can no more,
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty, fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those tremble who are greatly bless'd!
For who but Guilford could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you Happy! all you Great!
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;

Nor think I call your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.
Was ever such a mournful, moving sight?
See, if you can, by that dim, trembling light:
Now they embrace; and mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp as if to death; new vows repeat,
And quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.
Meantime the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they should only bleed,
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it, hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of Death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded pas-es of her mind,
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."

Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
"And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye blessed Spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed?--It must not, cannot be.
It cannot be! but 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Tho' tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake?
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more:
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raise our humble names:
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heav'ns; as long
As he shall reign Almighty we are strong:
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
And almost make Omnipotence our own.
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
And call forth triumph out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes,
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad---then, bright'ning like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own,
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms---"
Here Guilford, cruel Guilford! (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran,
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifl'd in its birth the mighty thought:
Then, bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears,
His fears for her alone, he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest;
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
"And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
"In pity to thyself forget the past!
"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
"Pronounce his doom whom thou hast held so dear:
"Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
"Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
"That to continue was its utmost pow'r,
"And make the future like the present hour:
"Now call a ruffian, bid his cruel sword
"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;

" Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim)
" And stain his honour with a traitor's name
" This might perhaps be borne without remorse,
" But sure a father's pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, so near his journey's end,
" Thro' cruel torment to the grave descend?
" His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
" Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been severe;
" Then take your vengeance."----Suffolk now drew near,----
Bending beneath the burden of his care,
His robe's neglected, and his head was bare:
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming Spring:
Downward he casts a melancholy look,
Thrice turn'd to hide his grief, then faintly spoke.
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That axe can only rob me of a day:
" For thee, my soul's desire! I cann't refrain;
" And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain?
" When you shall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he press'd,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the Queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to Misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky.
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind!
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.
While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels,
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room,
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths to stagger human faith reveal?
She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity and pious state;
The beating storm's propitious rage she bless'd,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast.

Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.
" Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death so great:
" I joy I cannot save you; and have giv'n
" Two lives much dearer than my own to Heav'n,
" If so the Queen decrees. *----But I have cause
" To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy still for you in store:
" With me the bitterness of Death is o'er;
" He shot his sting in that farewell embrace,
" And all that is to come is joy and peace.
" Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress,
" Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of Fate,
She, smiling, says, " My victory 's complete;
" And tell your Queen I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot show.
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlasting pleasure and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,---the only vengeance in her pow'r."
Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate,
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

End of Book Second.

* Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL

SATIRES.

Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis. HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public, or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by

by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions: ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it to ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason, because, what men aim at them is generally public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great

measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe our passions. Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, Pressness, particularly; whereas it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolick and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire: you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you command, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bœotia, which was the land oracles, for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and

* Val. Max.

such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. "*Love (says he) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him.*" *This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.*

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother, especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

---Tanto major famae sitis est, quam
Virtutis. JUV. Sat. 10.

My verse is Satire; Dorset! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear,
To poets sacred is Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shatter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B-----e, or to me,
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;

When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, which themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white?
Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing---but their praise?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's* shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me on the brink from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I 'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

* Horace.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, no won thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeakes in masquerades:
Here to S——e's humour makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at P——y's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They 'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on glory look
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book,

Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T------ had dropp'd his quill,
T------ might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T------ alas! excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand,
A wagon-load of meanings for one word,
While A 's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.
Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allay'd;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.
On glass how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever di'mond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Who praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.
Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep;

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retarda cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the House;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse:
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line,
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise?

If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing---but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine,
Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils cause,
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;

But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur C-----dos he'll outdo;
And, B---l---ton, thy taste is not so true,
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues are his flame:
Not F---t---n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P---b---ke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, Sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very bustos laugh:
His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's * safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.

* A famous statue.

By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire;---it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands,
These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.
What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?

As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuil * and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face:
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair:
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day?
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the Town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.

* A famous tailor.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still:
Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil the drawing-room.
The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.
Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.

Fewer lay-Atheists made by church-debates,
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates,
Ladies whose love is constant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scr---pe discreetly bend,
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

End of Satire First.

SATIRE II.

My Muse! proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line.
Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I 'll glory in the verse I did not write.
So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown; *
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!

* This refers to the First Satire.

Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? to make Paul Diack* rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip 's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C----! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft' the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What dæmon cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want amusement, and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant they 're idle, if they 'll ask no more.
We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;

* The name of a tulip.

But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What 's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r;
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And T---n, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study 's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:

So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain---with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this coast another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to -------- what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.
O-------! whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool,
For tho' he is a wit he is no fool.

In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.
What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak, or you 'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give us for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester when the joke 's unkind.
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious Letters* came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine thro':

* Letters sent to the Author, signed Marcus.

False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing well:
But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons disappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
Their peevish reason; vain of being dull:
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine---to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you---"He's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say they 're dev'lish white.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief? one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead,
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
One learns to lisp, another not to see;
Miss D----, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what Nature gave disown, thro' pride,
Others affect what Nature has deny'd;
What Nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support:
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something new."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity 's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the skreen,
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.
Hence, ------, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner, nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.
With gen'rous scorn how oft' hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noontide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face?
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone?
These all their care extend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
How blank his look? how discompos'd his mien?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a silver lace.

A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous watchcase, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joys supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
St---pe in wit, in breeding D---l---ne.
Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.
  Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd:
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;

But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
"And glory at one entrance, quite shut out."*
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.
Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But what art thou?" methinks Florello cries;
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twich,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello! thou my monitor shalt be,
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee,
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:

* Milton.

Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment 's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last:
What then is to be done? be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

End of Satire Second.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

Long, Dodington! in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favours, and he 'll ask for three:
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another east,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
Or if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.

We bring some new materials, and what 's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.
" Your work is long," the critics cry, 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take the fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding cries,
" Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye Doctors sage! who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles or parentage:

Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state:
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my Friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:
Their various cares in one great point combine
The bus'ness of their lives, that is---to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the Town,
Feeds twice a-week to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyricks read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H----y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Barbantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise?

For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the sithe will grow,
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.
Is there of these, ye Fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?
Some vain of paintings bid the world admire;
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady 's kind.

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it too?
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things is my fate."
You know your answer, He's exact in great.
"My style," says he, "is rude and full of faults,"
"But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
"I own 'twas wrong when thousands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;
"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny:
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna! could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear the dullest cannot take thee wrong:
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenue wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm,
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my Lord.
'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From caprice, not from choice, their favour come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that 's nearest, yawning, they advance:
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.
I grant at court Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed:
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she 's possess'd:
Philander thou art exquisitely bless'd:
The public envy! Now, then, 'tis allow'd
The man is found who may be justly proud:
But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast;

For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music 's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well:
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother-tongue.
To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine:
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country---if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.
Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, H-- -r, dost thou thy master serve;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve:

Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted Town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets, a succession sure,
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th'expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddle-strings!
Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense
To write a satire which gave none offence?

And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If bless'd with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face.
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain,
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May Dodington! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd,
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear:
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

End of Satire Third.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates without ambition weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.
  Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown:
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves;
Tho' Britain 's thankless, still this patriot loves:
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;

Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunck is an almanack of state.
You smile, and think this statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Constantian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate Not Content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.
What makes him model realms and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor Chremes cann't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot:
Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pries the dull rogue that saves his soul:
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.
Peerage is poison; good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.

Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their Mercury is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark.
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he 'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C----- mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C-----, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they 're the blackest scandal of their age.
Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a Freemason with some terror names;
Omits no duty; nor can Envy say
He miss'd, these many years, the church or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can outbow the bowing Dean:
A smile eternal on his lips he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the Town his face,
For ornament in ev'ry public place:

As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two he fails not---to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace?
To deck my list by Nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of humankind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.
To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes:
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arb---t is a fool, and F------ a sage,
S---ly will fright you, E----- engage:
By Nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S-----x is the worst of friends.
They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush if you surprise them in the right;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Q-----y is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that 's out;
His passion for absurdity 's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.

Tho' wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shewn
In wearing others' follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S-----, the foremost toyman of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.
"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
"Since the great plague that swept as many more,
"Was ever year unbless'd as this?" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I------y! how came you to please?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game,
But in effect his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he levées all the great,
Stanch to the foot of title and estate:
Where'er their lordships go, they never find
Or Lico or their shadows lag behind;
He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun;

As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And fame was, like a fever, to be caught:
But after seven years dance from place to place
The Dane * is more familiar with his Grace.
Who 'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendent dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the Town!
Who 'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord 's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave?
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll or thump it for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he 'll club his joke?
Who 'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordship's jest, or if his nose broke wind?
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close?
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.
But what 's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold;

* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.

All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame their everlasting boast:
For Fame no cully makes so much their jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
"B---le shines in council, M-----t in the fight,
"P---l---m's magnificent, but I can write,
"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is ate:
Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.
Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking Fate)
Defends sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?
What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half-a-crown,
A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in Town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye Bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye Bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg;
A barren labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?"---If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen:
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit,
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
A---le true wit is studious to restore,
And D---t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
P---ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.
But, ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive?
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.
That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another can reply,

Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plum.
A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.
Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,---but half-a-crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He 'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.
"Who 'd be a slave?" the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,---
Just is his title,---for he will not fight.
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,---by their place:

But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.
Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known;
Augustus' deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

End of Satire Fourth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!-------- MILTON.

Nor reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own:
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.
The sex we honour though their faults we blame,
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme;
A theme fair-------! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:

As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortunetellers' caves and lions' dens;
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funeral, puppet-shows, review,
Sales, races, rabates, (and, still stranger!) pews.
Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre now her lover warms,
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up, all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows,
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
In ------- Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company:
Whose manners will not let her larum cease;
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows---that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn---to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shews or makes you both polite or wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say,
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day:
"And let her guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour and a soft address."
Thro' virtue she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom she refuses to submit
To Wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice:
Doubly, like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state?
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate?
If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune; suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft' the noon, how oft' the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week:

Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, savages grew tame.
The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.
More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong?
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains:
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please:

They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belle-letter lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she 's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with décisive air,
Fully convinces all the Town---she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I 'm fair!
O no; see Stella; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right:
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is 't a sanction for impertinence.
Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
The youth in person and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:

He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd;
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town,
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd Threescore.
The fatal sequel I, thro' shame forbear.
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair!

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense,
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow.
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira 's sick, make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where 's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she cann't stand, but she can dance all night:
"I 've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in June:

" And tho', perhaps, you 'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is sov'reign for a cold:
' With cholics breakfasts of green fruit agree,
" With indigestions supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home,
For want---but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.
Alas, my Heart! how languishingly fair
Yon' lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Viny * chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
" Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? " Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance or play? " Nor this nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
" No, all alone her pray'rs she rather chose,
" Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed:
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body 's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.

* Lap-dog.

You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again:
Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excese,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.

How gay they smile? such blessings Nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such Fulvia's passion for the Town: fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite:

Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,
Thro' briers and brambles in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By the pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocents and Peace:
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There bless'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next:
There too, the Muses sport: these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.
There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:

Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
" Well, sure we were so happy yesterday!
" And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Tho' well she knows t' will languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r;
For such is our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse.
The present moment, like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with out utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still;
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;

Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There 's no satiety of charms divine.
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd:
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle, (says Strephon,) makes thee weep?"
"Ah, barb'rous man, (she cries,) how could you---
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day
We wish our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then never swear;
Let women never triumph nor despair;
Nor praise nor blame too much, the warm or chill:
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind;
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis. Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies;

But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a box, the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier! thy sublunary dance:
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay col'nel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle Sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To ------ turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious easy, and when gay discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart sincere,
In crowds collected, and in courts severe;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a nobler pride in doing good;

Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears:
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended Fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in her dress?
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure;
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at Piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they sew as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.

O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r?
The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises---and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold?
What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The fair 'tis true by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;

And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And Wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps---that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style,
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.

And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head;
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic, crave,
Life is not worth so much; she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda cann't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane:
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?

A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D----'s self will be polite.
Ye rising Fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard is not to be well-bred:
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent at the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento Mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old:
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And Art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but cann't ask her love:
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.
O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia? her gray hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine:

That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not num'rous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace: by Nature some decay,
And some the blasts of Fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?---But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous Orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost:

Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown
'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies,
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that 's worth your love from your embrace.
In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you 'll be bless'd and wise.
Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which the age is eminently curs'd:
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

End of Satire Fifth.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit commoedia vocem HOR.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain;
Apollo whisper'd in my ear---" Germain."---
I know her not---" Your reason 's somewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.
" Men write to me, and to the world unknown,
" Then steal great names to shield them from the Town.
" Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
" To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.
" Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume in her praise:
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye Fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
You here, in miniature, your picture see,
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me:

My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride:
He's dear, you frugal: chuse my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Drury-lane:
She decently, in form, pays heav'n its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed:
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray:
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they 're before their Maker---and mankind.
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight;
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no woman where there 's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.
But with a modern fair meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh:
" Or if you take a lion by the beard, *
" Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers, one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want:
But marriage a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She 's faithful, she 's observant; and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed,

* Shakespeare.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint:
Her souf superior flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good---
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.
Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion 's threadbare with her constant pray'rs:
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
" Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where 's the man that 's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore;
Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting---but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.
The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold 'tis better still.

If Thullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'erun,
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty:
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she 's proud of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace:
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
" How charming this?"---The pleasure lasted long
Now ev'ry day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store!
How tedious life now she can plague no more?

She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed;
She 's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.
Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that 's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the same
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin;
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There 's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she 's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She 's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.
What 's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen:

Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.
Some forms, thro' bright, no mortal man can bear;
Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.
Aspasia 's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teas'd by her own excellence.
" Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy 's shock'd where'er she goes:
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings---that she cann't be bless'd.
Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing?
Old age will come; disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life that supports them in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.
Julia 's a manager, she 's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;

For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey;
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimmace.
Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain:
Their prudence in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?
Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames;
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she 's right, she 's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta 's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care,
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia, there you 'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree:

Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside:
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face:
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves,
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves:
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'd,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For H——y the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——d! the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight:
A female sloven is an odious sight.
Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme:
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she 'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your heart confer,
And dread ev'n there to find a flatterer.
The breath of other raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve cann't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime, they don't pursue,
To pay its loss they think all others few.
Who held that crime so dear must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend?"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor, and example too.
"Daphnis," says Clio "has a charming eye;
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
"Aspasia's shape, indeed-- but then her air---
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"Almeria's wit has something that 's divine,
"And wit 's enough---how few in all things shine?
"Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor---
"Who was it said Selina 's near threescore?

" At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
" The world congratulates so wise a choice:
" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—she has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends:
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed that 's needless, if such praise prevail.
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of avarice and pride confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold:
As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.
Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.

That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder in a low degree,
Themselves unbless'd. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfy'd with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense:
Since not those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless,

And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
But Satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye Misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G--------n:
But our invectives must despair success,
For next to praise she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia! that affected dame.
The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
To strange new things, which Nature never made.
Frown not, ye Fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been!

An hecatomb of character supplies
Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.
H------, P------, B------, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal 's the sweet'ner of a female feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie? *
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?
There are: Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;

* -----Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat? *Virg.*

Without thin Decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such examplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!
But then their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?
What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see!
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell,
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to C---ns than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare: since Nature's birth,
Till now, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches! say, whence springs
This daring character in tim'rous things?
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing---but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own,
In this pursuit they court not Fame alone,
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in Town.
O how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with shame at thought of being good!
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse! in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.

From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty---to forgive.
His other excellence they 'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No, he 's for ever in a smiling mood;
He 's like themselves, or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose---
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,
The pure! the just! and set up, in his stead,
A deity that 's perfectly well-bred.
" Dear T---l---n! be sure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.
" Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd,
" Poor Satan! doubtless he 'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their one in ten;
" It is their trade; so far they 're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;
" Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
" Virtue 's a pretty thing to make a show;
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefocault?"

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain,
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what 's true beauty but fair Virtue's face?
Virtue made visible in outward grace?
She, then that 's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille* has murder'd Sleep.
"Poor K---p! cries Livia; I have not been there
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
"I hate a crowd---but to do good, you know---
"And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K----p's grave matron's run,
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly,
And beggar half their race---thro' charity.
Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

* Shakespeare.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful---spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand,
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks:
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean,---the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heav'n alone.
See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruins charm her still:
Her happy lord 's cuckolded by Spadil;

And if she 's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horror and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night---my lady play'd.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame?
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd,
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we hear, since 'tis a vice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.
If sin you must, take Nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.
Ye fair apostates from Love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?

When you're enamour'd of a lift or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Why must strong youths unmarry'd pine away;
They find no woman disengag'd---from play.
Why pine the marry'd?---O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd---estate.
Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
While Death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake, in justice long his own:
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire,
Or like snuffs sunk in sockets blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with new delights inspire the fair,
Or give us sons, and save us from despair.
  Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you 'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow 's very odd."
When you chastise who would not kiss the rod?
But I 've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.
  The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midst empires charms how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of virtue and of art!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me.
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind, *
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* Milton.

End of Satire Sixth.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus. VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
That glory which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
(A bad effect but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake my Muse!
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine or volcano? they perform

Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a spacious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest Nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph made!
How guilty these? yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;

Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
" The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole! when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How verses is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing, to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey;
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design, for Tonson's at the gate.
The love of fame in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung, he now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence, came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd.
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,

The flaming minister of virtue meant.
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
  Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of Wit,
And in art-loving Scarborrough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools.
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools,
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
  Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
  Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.
  Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;

But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.
In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god* and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye Vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in view;
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.
Behold a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame,
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;

* Amphitryon.

Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king;
But when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendour and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O bless'd ambition! which can ne'er be vain.
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.
In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George! who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise,
Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.*
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.

* The King in danger by sea.

Thus Nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's sov'reign Sov'reign of the sea.
While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles,* weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus† slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd, long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch'd ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language---but his own, can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the Civil storm.

* Hom. Il. lib. i.
† Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. Virg. lib. v.

End of the Satires.

A KEY

TO THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

---Gives applause to B--------e, or to me.] Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

---Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit;---Polite apostates from God's grace to wit.] *N. B.* Virgil, Horace, Terence, Cattullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsaris Comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr. Bently, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S----e's humour.] Steele (Sir Richard.)

P----y's eloquence.] Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T---- had drop'd his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp, when Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank verse version of Virgil, vol. I. Dr. Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich:

Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further;—:
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.

A is depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.] This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, entitled, Shakespeare Restor'd, in opposition to Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

C----dos be 'll outdo.] Chandos (Duke of.)

---B----l-----ton, thy taste is not so true. Burlington (Earl of.)

Not F---t---n's self more Parian charms has known,---Nor is good P---b---ke more in love with stone.] Sir Andrew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with Lady B---'s hair.] The venerable gray-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S------pe discreetly bend.] Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

---T------n turn'd upholsterer, &c.] Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for south-sea coxcombs, 1720.

---Leaves to O--------.] Orrery (Charles of)

D--------.] Dorset (Earl of), the poet's patron.

Miss D------ tottering.] Miss Duncomb.

-----the Stagerite.] Aristotle.

Hence D--------, that openness of heart.] Dodington.

St--------pe in wit, in breeding D---l---ne.] Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.---Deloraine (Lord.)

SATIRE III.

---H-------y's eyes unmercifully keen.] Lady Hervey.

Well, H------r, dost thou thy master serve.] Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

SATIRE IV.

While C----- mourns, &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the seat of Freethinkers.

C----, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The same A. Collins.

Arb-----t is a fool, and F----- a sage ---S----ey will fright you, E------ engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S----- is the worst of friends.] Sussex.

Q------y is fair.] Duchess of Queensberry.

S------- the foremost teyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J---y.] Lady Jersey.

B------le shines in council, M------t in the fight;--- P----l----n's magnificent, but J------ can write] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H-----t pardon, if I dare commend; ---H-----t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend? ---A-----le true wit is studious to restore:---And D-----t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd bef re ---P-----ke, in years, the long liv'd arts adm res,---And Henriett like a Muse inspires.] Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke of) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of) Lady Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (Geo. I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.] Major Foubert, a riding-master.

Sir H----s.] Sir Hans Sloane, M. D.

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies.] The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument maker, under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

Lady D----] Dashwood or Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck.] The greatest master in miniature, and enamel painting in Europe.

H---y the first wit.] Lord Harvey.

Cruel R-----d.] Duke of Richmond.

G----n] Lady Betty Germain.

H-----, P-----, B-----.] Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

C------s.] Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

T---l---n.] Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Burnet's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torments.

K---p] Mrs Kemp, keeper of an assemblee.

Carolina's heart, &c] Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the Author.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLES TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

Whilst you at Twick'nham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall:
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The Civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burst; nor can nor will refrain;
I'll write, let others in their turn complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer:

I 've heard myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true absurd like me?---
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
  Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes:
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
  Shall we not censure all the motely train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk;
The quiet quidnunck, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad:

Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write:
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of ev'ry broken craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful isle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a Land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desire:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain) he still retains his wits:

Another marries, and his dear proves keen:
He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some by debt;
Some for 'tis Sunday; some because 'tis wet:
Thro' private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spight:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He 'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them just:
Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill;
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess;
In various sets, with various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the Sybil broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;

The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations star'd at what none understood.
  Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft' have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
And oft' I overheard the dæmon say,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way, [plies,
"I'll meet thee, Youth! at White's." The youth re-
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice:
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare.
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all but life they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake?
Such writers have we! all but sense they print;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.
  O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer,
  I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:

For who so sad but must some mirth confess
At gay Castrucio's miscellaneous dress?
Tho' there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street,
And, looking full on ev'ry man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps, who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.
Will they persist? 'tis madness. Lintot, run,
See them confin'd.—"O, that 's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est Ulubris, they cry, and write agen.
Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye Judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the gen'rous corn:
There 's true good nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.
A virgin author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.
In vain advertisements the Town o'erspread;
They 're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who press for fame but small recruits will raise;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.
A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I 'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
"Your glory and my own shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fix'd, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And Britain Europe's queen---If I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"---Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:

His patron he will patronize no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piéce, another, and the same;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted roar,
But when once publish'd they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
  Can these oblige whose heads and hearts are such!
No; ev'ry party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place,
And none, or enemies alone embrace:
To the foul fiend their ev'ry passion 's sold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
A state Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few.
  Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,

Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout;
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!
With golden forceps these another takes,
And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.
The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base:
Nor can the greatest pow'rs enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue-self they fight,
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for int'rest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.
Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
From the same hand how various is the page?
What Civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts, battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!
How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!

Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene
Invites the Town to sup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He's now a serpent, and his double tongue,
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.
What note can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves which might do much.
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters modern authors make.
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
Ye grov'lling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the tree of Knowledge, like you, curs'd
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.
What if the figure should in fact prove true?
It did in Elkenah, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Thro' meager jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth agen:
Too soon (O merry melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight;
And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity, and sense.
From these their politics our quidnuncks seek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week:
These lab'ring wits, like paviers, mend our ways
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
And hem at ev'ry thump upon your scull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest Folly echoes to the lie.

O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
Thanking a villain for his probity;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles thro' my soul to hear the cock's
Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
Sole patron of his liberties and rights!
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her poor and profligate,
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And prisons pour their filth into the field;
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the black militia of the pen.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat?
Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a royal patron * wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And give new tongues to those who spoke so well?

* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
Awake the world, and scar our owls away.
  Meanwhile, O Friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to write and live;
Serious should be an author's final views:
Who write for pure amusement ne'er amuse.
  An Author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?
Unbless'd with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause;
That sole proprietor of just applause.
  Ye restless Men! who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?---
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well; go, then, consult that laurell'd shade.
What answer will the laurell'd shade return
Hear it, and tremble; he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
The boast of nought more excellent than wit.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,
Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
And in one point is all true wisdom cast?
To think that early, we must think at last.

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break Nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.
Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant Simony to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind:
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing Tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him if they can;
The bad, when int'rest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their int'rest and their pride;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense?
In parts and learning you who place your pride;
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and Atheists in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:

Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame;
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.
  Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they 're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
That wit 's a jewel which we need not wear:
Of plain sound sense life 's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
  Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
  But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;

Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or pow'r, but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take that great prerogative:
But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame.
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:
More had the Ancients writ they more had taught,
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more:
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen;

Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the lab'ring brain;
Time is the father and the midwife Pain:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek.
What man can be immortal in a week?
  Excuse no fault, tho' beautiful 'twill harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demand correctness; Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part 's unsound.
  He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what 's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare:
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
  Nor frequent write, tho' you can do it well;
Men may too oft', tho' not too much excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well; what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile if it smiles, and if it rages, rage,
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes except his friends.
Let satire less engage you than applause;
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's, friend.
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt;
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.
If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man:
Defaults in those alone should give offence;
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence;
My narrow-minded satire cann't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour; it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.
Can others write like you? your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read Nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts borne from present objects warm from life;
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, cooly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.
Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;
Clear be the style, the very sound of force;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.

Let Nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your Creed;
Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau;
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines.
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers rise to worthy men.
" Who's this with nonsense nonsense would restrain?
" Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
" Who damns our trash with so much trash replete?
" As three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge examens overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame must wither, and the true will grow.

Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.
Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign,
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield,
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me---for a day.
As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss not bite,
So war their quills when sons of dulness write.

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

When Rome, my Lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate,
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muses' friend is pleas'd, the Muse should press
Thro' circling crowds, and labour for access;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.
Long has the Western World reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell Discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,
Nor Heav'n repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.
In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful Autumn, or the flow'ry spring;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.
But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near, her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;

Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell;
Thro' milder tracks he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.
No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord:
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name:
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly flows,
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in ev'ry field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.
Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.

See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France:
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A di'mond shines, which oft' had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him less regret his darling son:
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.
To make our nations longer too, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who with care and pain,
For many moons sees only skies and main,
When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind:
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Meanwhile the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.
  Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right.
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.

Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meager Famine, and the spotted Pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone:
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdu'd to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
Conquests! whose triumph is too great within
The scanty bound of matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.
Heroic Shades! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day;
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell,

Then deep into eternity retire;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther passes in the world below.
The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor peacemeal seek the grave:
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain.
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their blood
Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray; nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.
But, O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford,
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The pressing Britain and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place,

Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last,
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my Lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed:
For Janius shut her Iö Pœans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.
A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that 's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks;
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scene his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.
How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in Virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal,
Till thoroughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
To govern and control the world of wit
As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;

He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome,
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance:
There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast,
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
What tho' we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British Muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread.
Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in Nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.

The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan;
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heav'n design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made:
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare fac'd betrays;
'Tis great Corneille at ev'ry scene we praise:
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls;
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.
  France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs.
That oft' they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more we own ourselves to blame,
  And yet in Shakespeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all humankind;

He made one nature, and another found;
Both in one page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bids us no longer at our nurses smile.
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot, * too, he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendents; Shakespeare has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:---
Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
What cann't be greater cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakespeare rise, unbless'd with Talbot's smile,
Ev'n Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle;
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.
Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden-bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

* An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you the Muses glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise.
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;
But Censure's self will please, my Lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend,
What tho' the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded when best understood?
The Muses write for glory not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
The Muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong,
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song,
Should this great theme allure me farther still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue.
Since what is meant my Muse cann't raise, I'll chuse
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;

Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.
Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mien;
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Tho' priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please,
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause,
The world 's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others' excellence,
A gift which Nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those who shew your name respect,
So little worth as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know,
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;

A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.
You wish your country's good; that told, so well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd only said he fought.
When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the disciple of thought;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuse companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought.
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you.
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.

What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd and so surpris'd Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being who's confin'd
In converse and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye Kings! would ye true greatness understand?
Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand. *
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is that you must die.

* See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled Heroic Love.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Tho' you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir,
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
Anna! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But, O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.
Yet still one bliss, one glory I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice;
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends, indeed, good nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own; 'twas Nature's voice,

Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course. *
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head declin'd,
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.
How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, tho' shed in vain.
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!---
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

* His Lordship's nephew who took orders.

With aching heart and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late.
'Twas past; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and pow'r,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?
Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.
His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll;
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
Then with a groan---Support me---O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear! *
Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!

* The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show'rs:
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal you was born.
Sing! and in latest time, when story 's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd when Granville sung;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

A LETTER

TO MR. TICKELL,

Occasioned by the death

OF THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

—— Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. VIRG.

O long with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear Companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:

A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,
And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.
  Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his train,
See, see, she cry'd, old Maro's Muse appears,
Wak'd from the slumber of two thousand years:
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his number sings.
All read transported his pure classic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
  The State, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour,
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
  Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;

Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:
This Sommers knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.
Ausonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confest,
To see her fervours rivall'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.
Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought;
Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court;
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.

O Warwick! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright,
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On some warm bank, thus, fortunately borne,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;
Or, Orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.
When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.
What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.

No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, then curbing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint the eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great Author? where, to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? 100
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"
But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!
His glory such it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race. 110
In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line,

Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.
But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown;
He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

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END OF VOLUME THIRD.

Printed by G. Cawthorn, Strand.]

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
YOUNG VOLUME IV.
I lead the Choir and they conspire
With Voice and Shell to lift it high

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE REVEREND

DR. EDW. YOUNG.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into Parliament;
When dying sinners to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?——
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satarize with nothing——but their praise? SAT. I.

VOL. IV.

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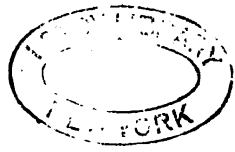
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POETICAL WORKS

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VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

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OCEAN. AN ODE,
SEA-PIECE. AN ODE,
MERCHANT. AN ODE,
PARAPH. ON PART OF JOB,
RESIGNATION. TWO PARTS,
INSTALMENT. TO WALPOLE,
FOREIGN ADDRESS,

&c. &c. &c.

Tho' bold these truths, thou Muse! with truths like these
Will some offend when 'tis a praise to please.
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire which gave none offence!
And since from life I take the draught you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me;
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend:
The world! where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all. SAT. III.

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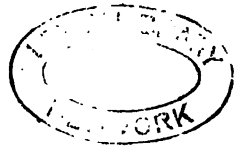
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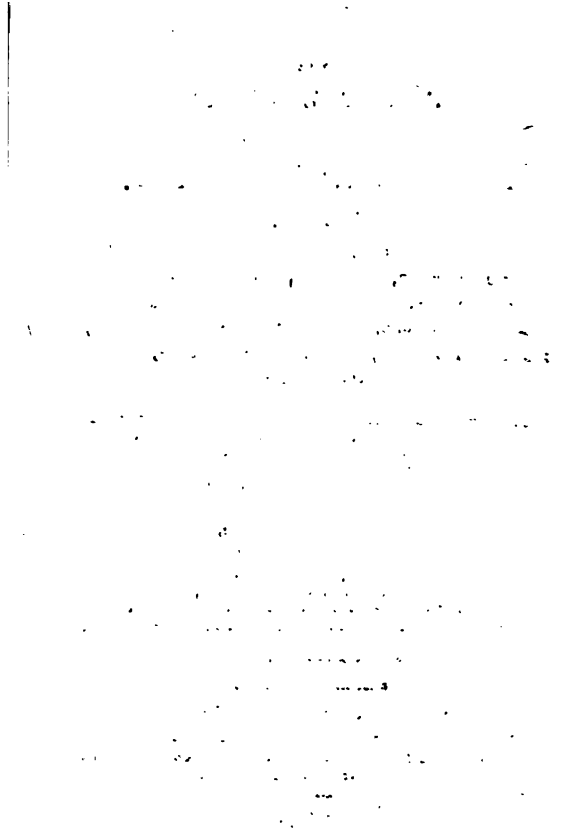

ODES.

ODE, OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA-SERVICE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as often as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.

TO THE KING. MDCCXXVIII.

1.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean ocean's King.

II.

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd,
Its streams divinely clear and strong
In sense and sound
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

IV.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the hall.

V.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat:
At ev'ry stroke the work refines!

VII.

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent and actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance;

X.

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore;
We make at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life we live;
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays
Like his with whom my lay begun?
"Justice sincere,
"And courage clear,
"Rise the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

"How form'd for sway!
"Who look obey,
"They read the monarch in his port:
"Their love and awe
"Supply the law,
"And his own lustre makes the court."

XIV.

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant shines? and shines alone.
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun; 'tis Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an am'rous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth and state,
And pow'r and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psal. xcviii.

I.

Sweet rural scene
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All Nature still
But yonder rill,
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head.

II.

In prospect wide
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze
The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war,
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pœan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?------
What! none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet:
The main! the main!
Be Britain's strain;
As Tritons strong, as Syrens sweet.

IX.

Thro' Nature wide
Is nought descry'd
So rich in pleasure or surprise;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene?
How dreadful when the billows rise!

X.

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which erewhile Britannia, fair,
Look down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air!

XI.

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken shoots along the seas?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And ev'ry canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shudd'ring soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now centre-deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV.

Now spins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds;
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XIV.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the seas and skies:
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep! and the blue concave lies.

XVII.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monsters' shock.

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrors charm
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains;
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold," he cries;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleasure buys;
But pleasure dies;
Too soon the gross fruition cloys;
Tho' raptures court,
The sense is short;
But virtue kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Tho' fates resist,
An unprecarious, endless bliss!

XXX.

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To ev'ry moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor Civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
The planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main;
Which tow'ring rose,
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon' fabrick fair, *
As Nature's rose at the divine.

* A new fund for Greenwich Hospital, recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When Nature sprung
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly
The sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes ascend!
Stretch'd arches bend;
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails;
In tales, the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye Warlike! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry windingsheet
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.*

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break:
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

* Written soon after K. George I.'s accession.

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

XLIV.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heav'n bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forest fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now, big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

XLIX.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills
And to their borders lifts them high,
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

1. *The British Sailor's exultation.* 2. *His prayer before engagement.*

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

To dive full deep in ancient days, *
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize,---the glory thine;
Thine is the Drama, how renown'd!
Thine Epic's loftier trump to sound;------
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

* Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV. *Young.*]

III.

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou where?---
May that be found in thee Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"---
No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes;
On Dorset Downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and Death, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with gentle rhymes.

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong:
Who half-inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song.

VI.

But such debates long since are flown:
For ever felt the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great:
High-flash'd Success, and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gayety, and British spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid, Moments! stay:
Oh, Friend! as deaf, as rapid they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Tho' nothing strikes the list'ning ear;
Time groans his last; Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevail'd: we stand on higher ground:
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardours new our spirits flame;
Ambition blesss'd! with more than laurels crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

The British Sailor's exultation.

I.

In lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke;
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition springs;
Ambition mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

III.

Hear, and revere.---At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvass wings, and fly thro' storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She nods again; the lab'ring earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise;
Flame from the deck from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of Fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance. Know, ye
In sudden night, and pond'rous balls [Pow'rs
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

VI.

In her grand council * she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then they blaze!
Thy thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire

* House of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,
Sweep in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields;
There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent, is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the Continent!

XI.

From the dread front of ancient War
Less terror frown'd; her sithed car,
Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And beast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountains anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon' shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin; and, first take rapid flight, *
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour

* Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

In which is the Sailor's prayer before engagement.

I.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords. O Pow'r Divine!
If bless'd by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike Dead! who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From cozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious Chiefs! awake,
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!----
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
" Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might?

V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
" For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
" A wrath more formidable far
" Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
" To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To thee for succour we resort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of safety thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou! to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou can'st arrest the flying ball,
" Or send it back, and bid it fall
" On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes remote * for aids in war;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe:
" There 's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
" We learn obedience from the sea;
" With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
" To rouse or hush the martial storm,
" And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from Death to free,
" To turn aside his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" There, we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

XI.

" Thou! who hast taught the North to roar,
" And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze,
" And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

* Russia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII.

"The right alone is bold and strong;
"Black hov'ring clouds appal the wrong
"With dread of vengeance.—Nature's awful Sire!
"Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,
"Where is Puissance and Renown?
"Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

"Let George the just chastise the vain.
"Thou! who dost curb the rebel main,
"To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
"Bid George repel a bolder tide,
"The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
"And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

XIV.

"And when (all milder means withstood)
"Ambition tam'd by loss of blood
"Regains her reason; then, on angels' wings,
"Let Peace descend, and shooting greet,
"With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
"How richly freighted! it triumphant brings
"The poise of kingdoms and the fate of kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI:

A NAVAL LYRIC.

Written in imitation of

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesty's return from Hanover, Sept. 1729, and the succeeding peace.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.
Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu. HOR.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in that which is the greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However, I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode, if you please. And if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindarick is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

Young.]

The Contents.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

PRELUDE.

The Proposition. An address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindarick boast.

Strain I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her end. Of Reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

Strain II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring king's just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

Strain III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper in her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site

and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

Strain IV. Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II.; his glory navally represented.

Strain V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

THE CLOSE.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subject. How Britain should be sung by all.

CHORUS.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

On the British trade and navigation.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

Πλατειαι παντοθεν λοφοι.
Σιν εντι προσοδοι,
Νασον ευκλεια ταν-
δε κοσμεισιν. PIND. NEM. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumult'ous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows cease to roar:
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

II.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd Isle! no less,
By Nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an isle in happiness!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recalls the warmth of blooming years;
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my Soul! salute the Pine,*
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the bark that ne'er should hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My Soul! to thee she spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the Godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise------
The sea she scorns; and now shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound:
I am her pilot, and her port the skies!

* The vessel in which the King came over.

VII.

Dare you to sing, ye twinkling Train!
Silence, ye Wretched! ye Profane!
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindaricks cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise!
Of genuine title to the skies;
Ye founts of Learning! and ye mints of Fame!
You who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The gen'rous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN I.

I.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O sun! as planets thee. To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance!
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
New glories kindle round his throne.
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze,
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
And now am present to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun!---O thou divine,
Bless'd Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth;
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, mast, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows,
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

V.

What cannot Industry complete?
When punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman Fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries; *
As soon they fall, as soon they rise;
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

* L. Florus.

VI.

Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being; all devours.
A full exertion of our pow'rs,
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

VIII.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
Recall her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
And ever shall she flourish here:
What tho' she languish'd? 'twas but fear;
She 's sound of heart; her constitution 's strong.

IX.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor; push from shore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And see! she 's rous'd; absolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens ev'ry port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry Place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone,
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea,
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab sweet,
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our Merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

XXII.

How various Nature! turgid grain,
Here nodding, floats the golden plain;
There worms weave silken webs, here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun:
Beneath the soil there harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And int'rest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound:
How stands the deep-aw'd Continent aghast,
As her proud sceptered sons survey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry quay,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast!

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot! our throng'd Exchange,
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
Toils she in trade? or bleeds in honest wars?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvass calls;
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What tho' we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point the ball?
Heav'n bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason! guide my life and pen;
Heav'n lighted up the human soul,
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light,
Who thee obeys reigns over all;
Smiles, tho' the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

XXX.

The man of reason is a god,
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk or swell'd,
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
From gross mistake or idle tumult springs:
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away:
What 's lasting only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire call;
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

XXXIII.

How foreign these, tho' most in view!
Go, look your whole existence thro'
Thence form your rule; thence fix your estimate;
For so the gods. But as the gains
How great the toil? 'twill cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reason! the first palm is thine;
Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine:
By thee, Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, Arts flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

I.

Commerce gives arts as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply Commerce then ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple realm that awes the continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her Merchants princes! ev'ry deck a throne!

IV.

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
Her stable column Ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
By both obey'd; the Syrian sings;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs,

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian arms,

VI.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast,
Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas,

VII.

O Merchant Land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of Empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of Nations!—but she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his fav'rite isle loud roars the Main!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land one altar! a whole people slain!

IX.

The destin'd Day puts on her frown;
The sable hour is coming down;
She 's on her march from yon' almighty throne:
The sword and storm are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown!

X.

For, oh! her aim, as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just;
Now venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sink! her mighty bow!
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound?
Is it for this the great ones toss the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The spurious lord it o'er the land,
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her Merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests in guilt abound:
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!
What youth unletter'd! base ones lifted high!
What public boasts! what private views!
What desert temples! crowded stews!
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye!

XV.

O soul of heart! her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas! there is who sees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

XVI.

He sees, and thunders!---Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain her high presumpt'ous air,
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
In vain their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain high flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To ships, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! she sinks, nor sinks alone;
Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What tho' so vast her naval might,
In her first dawn'd the British right,
All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet *
What tho' she longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that isle destroy,
Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings she clothed in purple shake
Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is she
"Who said---With my own art and arms
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm---
"And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

XXIII.

"This, this is she who meanly vaunt'd
"(Alas! how low to be ador'd,
"And style herself a God!---Thro' storms we
"This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with human gore,
"And would have built her nest among the stars.

* Q. Curtius.

XXIV.

"But, ah, frail Man! how impotent
"To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
"To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
"Shall island-kings with him contend,
"Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
"And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

XXV.

"Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,
"When from the brazen mountain's brow
"The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
"Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
"Puts on his vesture dipp'd in blood,
"And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

"Ah wretched Isle! once call'd the Great!
"Ah wretched Isle; and wise too late!
"The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
"Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
"And freedom lost, the realms deride,
"Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

"To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
"Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
"'Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates:
"How art thou fallen; down, down, down!
"Wide waste, and night and horror frown,
"Where empire flam'd in gold and balanc'd states."

STRAIN III.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes solicit down!
Ocean 's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.
What is large property?---the sign of good,
Of worth superior: if 'tis less,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

III.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth and Freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the Continent,
Who starve at home, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

IV.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot?
'Tis property supports pursuit.
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
She makes the blood and spirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song. O Muse! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine.
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the Seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of ev'ry coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, thro' all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong guards, the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves.
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a mashall'd train!
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The stars that quit this hemisphere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her Orion's glories burn.
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

XII.

These nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the last volume's closing star;
Decipher'd ev'ry character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand;
Not such the sea: let Folie's ancient line
Vast tracks and ample beings vaunt;
The camel low, small elephant;
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth her largest piece of life!
He sleeps an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful Leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

XV.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore,
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.—
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The seas are ours,"—the Monarchs said—
The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival them to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, there they dwell that can give Britain fear:
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
And prove their distance most as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but, O! what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend?
It were no less than parricide!------
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her High and Mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low,
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

XXII.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade---to toil he turns his glorious hands
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

XXIII.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old Time is poor; what age boasts such a sight?
Ye Drones! adore the man divine------
No virtue, still, as mean, decline;
Call Russians barb'rous and yourselves polite.

XXIII.

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
That Merchant sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave.
The king left much, the Merchant bury'd more.*

XXIV.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,

* Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

If words and thoughts to court my choice
Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs Merchants vie:
If great to spend, what to supply?
Priests pray for blessings, Merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings Merchants are, in league, and love,
Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
Planets are Merchants, take, return
Lustre and heat; by traffic burn.
The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

XXVII.

Is Merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of letter'd Fame,
Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of scene,
'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The sites, tongues, int'rests of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all.
Accomplish'd Merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

I.

How shall I farther rouse the soul!
How Sloth's lascivious reign controul
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own,
Thy spirit pour, like vernal show'rs;
My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

III.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light:
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a star,
In commerce this, or that in war;
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart thro' ev'ry nerve,
Hear from the throne * a voice thro' time renown'd.

* The King's speech.

V.

So fall from heav'n the vernal show'rs,
To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs:
The bloom call'd forth, see azure skies display'd;
The bird of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious bees ply ev'ry wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain; her life 's an isle indeed,
A spot too small to be overcome:
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade 's the source, sinew, soul of all:
Trade 's all herself; her's, her's the ball:
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar; behold it rise
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric Merchant grasp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which His Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the sun, thro' gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon! *
Methinks the lab'ring earth should groan
Beneath yon' load; created, sure, not made!
Servant and rival of the skies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise;
What hand immortal rais'd thee?---humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadst thou been if left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
Had caught at Pleasure on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

XII.

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom.
Expend it nobly; he that lets it rust,
Which passing num'rous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

* St. Paul's built by the coal-tax.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Her's ev'ry sun; and India India meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What beauty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine,
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts ev'n Freedom's glorious cause:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid;
Why is Heav'n's smile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our pow'r.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree;
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

False joy 's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the sunshine of the soul;
A bright serene that calms the whole,
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich---as angels are;
To know false coin from true; to sweep the main.
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign Isle! proud War decline,
Trade patronize! What glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could subdue, mankind?

XIX.

Rich Commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night; the stars are thine:
Wear out the stars in Trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain and to bestow:
While ages last! in Trade burn out the sun.

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won:
This Edgar great bequeath'd; this Edward bold,
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surrounds an old,

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
That womb of gold and gem: * her wide domain
An universe! her rivers seas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

World still unknown deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory, pour on her eternal sire:
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are you not Briton's? why despair?
New worlds are due to such a godlike sire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade as long as waters roll:
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear:
For thee, O George! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
Full be thy fame as swelling sails;
Constant as tides thy mind; as masts elate;
Thy justice an unerring helm,
To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy num'rous race sure anchor of her state.

* Vid. Descriptions of America.

STRAIN V.

I.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine!
(Of rising thought! O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
She sallies till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

II.

Small Isle! for Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
For gorgeous Easterns blazing o'er mankind,
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable shown:
They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

III.

Here no demand for Fancy's wing;
Plain Truth's illustrious: as I sing,
O hear yon' spangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon' starry lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the planets round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

IV.

The skies (fair printed page!) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror shew th' advent'rous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
A noble verse that shall endure as long.

V.

The skies are records of the main;
Thence Argo listens to my strain:
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
How smiles Arion's * friend with partial beams?
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the Balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser Lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's air?
But, oh! you practice shameful arts;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts.
Pirates, not Merchants, are the British fair,

* The Dolphin.

IX.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam,
Pale Queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations---O'er the main
"To share her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main, ye Kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your bound?
Austrian! where'er leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine
Where'er the rip'ning sun can shine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill not so kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave;
Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to save.

XIII.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain?
Yet what if my prediction should prove true?
Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
As one rejected, what if one subdue?

XIV.

What naval scene* adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r?
The Nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
When her august, assembled senates low'r.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which prostrate human souls.
Thro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expense of blood,
Or reach of council, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly.
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

* The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

XVII.

Nay, her 's the sword, for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
And carry sable clouds and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of Nature ever strike
On bare outsides, and loathe or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human welfare and renown
Trade 's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people fell; one half on th' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring monument:
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines:
O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

XXII.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide!
Thy num'rous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines.
Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
Ungrateful song! her growth * inspires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming seas,
Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might;
Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade 's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
The various streams of trade command!
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful pow'r the world would brave,
Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

* Coffee.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

XXVI.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth: of pow'r is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what 's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

XXVII.

Then perish war---detested war!
Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
What calls man Fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down, to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore, too, as divine,
Wide wasting storms before the genial sun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
His harvest! harvest round the year!
For peace, with laurel ev'ry mast be bound;
Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
Each cannon sound, each sailor shout
For peace, let ev'ry sacred ship be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first design;
With which the Patriarch* Nature's ruin brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew,
The gods made human race, a pilot sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred, too, the Merchant's name!----
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame,†
Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave law:
Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
The march of stars, the births of climes:
Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and sea:
Theirs are the seasons, months and years,
And each a diff'rent garland wears:---
O that my song could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds:
The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

XXXIII.

If to my subject rose my soul,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies. *

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

MORAL.

I.

Britain! thus blest'd, thy blessing know,
Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;
Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
Vain swellings of thy soul repress:
They most may lose who most possess;
Then let us bless with awe, and tremble at thy store.

* It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful, not enamour'd, guest:
Let thought fly forward 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe War's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious while heav'n-born freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing pow'r in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

I.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to sure renown:
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

II.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme;
Why then unsung! my simple aim
To dress plain sense, and fire the gen'rous blood,
Not sport imagination vain;
But list with yon' ethereal train *
The shining Muse, to serve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
The springs are open'd in my lays: †
Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew,
Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

---

* The stars.

† --------Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
Ingeredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. VIRG.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
As far surpass'd as useful cares
Transcend diversion light, and glory vain:
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong;
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise
That would to glowing Ætna rise,
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
In life or song how rare the true sublime!

VI.

None British born will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muse!) the lay may last,
Thus twin'd around the British mast,
The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And smiles at wind and storms unbroke;
By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain,
And lives and echoes thro' the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye grov'lling sons of Verse,
Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
And fool the Muse with impotent desire;
Ye Sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye Starry throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong:
Britain to Heav'n; from Heav'n descends my song.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

THRICE happy Job† long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great:

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following Notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on Interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
His wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:

Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensu'd: when, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw and trembled!) from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke. *
Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just:
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply.
Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of Old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i. *&c.* Hence is he said to *dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind.*

Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air,
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heav'n's high arch with loud hosannas rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder with the sound?
Earth's num'rous kingdoms hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowldge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
And did a bason for the floods provide:
I chain'd them with my word: the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd." *
Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head.
Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom thro' long ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast?
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?
Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?

And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms at my command,
Rage thro' the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strides thro' Nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.
Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.
Dost thou pronounce where Daylight shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the Morn?
Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the Soul with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking shook the sky.
What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
" Once and again, when I in groans deplore,
" My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more.
" My voice is in eternal silence bound,
" And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?
Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done;
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond Man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God, * importunate for food;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And still the clamour of the craving nest?
Who in the stupid Ostrich † has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

* Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is because by her clamorous and importunate voice she particularly seems always calling upon it. And since there were ravens on the banks of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight,

--------Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt------ *Claud.*

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but some-

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray;
Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed:
What time she skims along the field with speed, *
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed. †
How rich the peacock! ‡ what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!

---

thing peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut, Lybiæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat---------- *Claud. in Eutr.*

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass, but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adverso maxim sole, quia sic fulgenitus radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the Hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns agen,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the Hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,*
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle, when deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?†
She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

* Thuanus (*De re Accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat and forest Hind, *
While, pregnant, they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
Take the wide world with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall Reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;

---

accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect, *Psal.* xxix. In so early an age to observe these things may style our author a Naturalist.

Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.
Didst thou from service the Wild-Ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large;
Thro' the wide waste, his ample mansion roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.
Survey the warlike Horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fullness of his might:
High rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart advance
Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,
While his fix'd eyeballs meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;

But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last.
  But, fiercer still, the lordly Lion stalks;
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
Say, Mortal! does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their destin'd round, *
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.
  Mild is my Behemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame;
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine.*

Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs and mingle with the throng.
See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and shut against a wound!
How like a mountain-cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest and the mountain law.
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river, * and he thirsts again.

* Cephesi glacial caput quo suetus anhelam
Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto
Stat. Theb. v. 349.
Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. *Claud. Pref. in Ruf.*

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an Eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
With slender hair Leviathan * command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play? 330
Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
The rashest dare not rouse him up: † who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men? 340
Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:

* The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

† This alludes to a custom of this creature, which, is when sated with fish to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own,
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathian shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size:
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
Destruction yawns; * his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound!
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
As from a furnace; and when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire. †

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny *fit totum os.* Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus augusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

† This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by

The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late-awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.*

any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him,

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

* *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphick for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mention it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the cro-

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow;
His sport the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a chaldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;

---

codile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the description in our author will not admit of it; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

Makes ev'ry swoln disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.
  Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.
  " Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
" And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight:
" But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
" Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
" But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
" Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee;
" Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
" Man is not made to question but adore."

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B*****.

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. Psalm lxiii. 6.

PART I.

I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in his place?

II.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

III.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

IV.

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;

Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

V.

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

VI.

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmity,
Sad sister of Decay.

VII.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

VIII.

Happy the Patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world, to see;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

IX.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread!
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

X.

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken Nature's laws,
And clos'd against his feeble frame
Its partial cruel jaws:

XI.

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight!
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

XII.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

XIII.

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

XIV.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms or empire's blaze,

XV.

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood restrain;

XVI.

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

XVII.

O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains,
Tho' claiming ev'ry Muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains:

XVIII.

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!

XIX.

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious consummation thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

XX.

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to discern;
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn:

XXI.

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

XXII.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall.

XXIII.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!
What throngs have sunk before!

XXIV.

How proud the poet's billows swell!
The God! the God! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench ev'ry coast.

XXV.

What then am I? shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing?

XXVI.

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song

To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

XXVII.

Yet write I must; a lady sues;
How shameful her request?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the best!

XXVIII.

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, thro' fate,
No stranger to your pain.

XXIX.

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you:

XXX.

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd!

XXXI.

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

* Mrs. M----.

XXXII.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What sad Experience say?
Thro' truths austere to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way.

XXXIII.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not needs must mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

XXXIV.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore Affliction's field:

XXXV.

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

XXXVI.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

XXXVII.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flow'rs,

And says, time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

XLIX.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man!
To spend his whole estate,

L.

And beggar an eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

LI.

Say not your loss in triumph leads,
Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

LII.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

LIII.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

LIV.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

LV.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
Has but forstall'd our own.

LVI.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

LVII.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Tho' you may think it slow,
When in the list of Fortune's smiles
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

LVIII.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursu'd,
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of sound important good."

LIX.

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties,

To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs:

XXXVIII.

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down,
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

XXXIX.

All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof that, bad at best,
Life's idle, all is vain:

XL.

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer from its end.

XLI.

How wretched! who, thro' cruel Fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content?

XLII.

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

XLIII.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
The total up---despair.

XLIV.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its strokes severe most kind.

XLV.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

XLVI.

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize;
These oft' persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

XLVII.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By Pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

XLVIII.

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood,

And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

LX.

'Twill sound severe---yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Tho' I should dare to give you joy---
Yes, joy of his decease.

LXI.

An hour shall come, (you question this)
An hour when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

LXII.

Hear then, without surprise, a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of Fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

LXIII.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read:
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

LXIV.

To Resignation swift he flew;
In her a friend he found;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
When gasping with his wound.

LXV.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

LXVI.

To real joy we work our way,
Encount'ring many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

LXVII.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

LXVIII.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By stings of life unvex'd;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

LXIX.

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be borne
True happiness on earth.

LXX.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run,

And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

LXXI.

This moment am I deeply stung------
My bold pretence is try'd
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride.

LXXII.

Now need I, Madam! your support.------
How exquisite the smart!
How critically tim'd the news*
Which strikes me to the heart!

LXXIII.

The pangs of which I spoke I feel:
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd! I bless the blow,
And triumph whilst I mourn.

LXXIV.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd
Be reason's empire shown,
Deep anguish comes by Heav'n's decree,
Continues by our own;

LXXV.

And when continu'd past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
Corrupts into a crime.

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

LXXVI.

And shall I criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

LXXVII.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

LXXVIII.

When Heav'n would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

LXXIX.

But such a friend!---and sigh no more!
'Tis prudent, but severe:
Heav'n aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow---with this tear.

LXXX.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

LXXXI.

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,

Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

LXXXII.

To touch our passions, secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

LXXXIII.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

LXXXIV.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress.

LXXXV.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unbless'd
With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love sometimes, mistaken Love!
Plays disaffection's part.

LXXXVI.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Tho' transports are deny'd.

LXXXVII.

Are you not then unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

LXXXVIII.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy?

LXXXIX.

He lives in those he left;------to what?
Your now paternal care:
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

XC.

In features, not of form alone,
But those I trust of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

XCI.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve the battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

XCII.

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan then his martial fire;

And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire.

XCIII.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

XCIV.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boasters!) than to you.

XCV.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

XCVI.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world;

XCVII.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

XCVIII.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those who love expire?

XCIX.

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' costing dear,
You 'll think it cheaply bought.

C.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Outacts a Cæsar's toil.

CI.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason 's a boundless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

CII.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

CIII.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he 'll view

His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you!

CIV.

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

CV.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace.

CVI.

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou second-born of hell!
Against Heav'n's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel?

CVII.

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By Perseverance brought.

CVIII.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

CIX.

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light, in sons of honest Joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

CX.

Is Resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

CXI.

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above;

CXII.

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

CXIII.

For joy what cause! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

CXIV.

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,

And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun:

CXV.

From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.

CXVI.

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

CXVII.

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

CXVIII.

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

CXIX.

Tho' man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

CXX.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

CXXI.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

CXXII.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child:
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

CXXIII.

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

CXXIV.

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please.

CXXV.

To final good the worst events
Thro' secret channels run;

Finish, for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

CXXVI.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That Heav'n in man delights.

CXXVII.

What 's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

CXXVIII.

What 's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

CXXIX.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

CXXX.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

CXLII.

" But how to smile, to stem the tide
" Of nature in our veins;
" Is it not hard to weep in joy?
" What then to smile in pains?"

CXLIII.

Victorious joy! which breaks the coulds,
And struggles thro' a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

CXLIV.

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex by nature bold,
What then in your's? 'tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

CXLV.

And should not this complaint repress
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

CXLVI.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

CXLVII.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;

True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

CXLVIII.

A friend 's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

CXLIX.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength
Assumes a female air.

CL.

A friend you have, * and I the same,
Whose prudent soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your distress.

CLI.

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

CLII.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

* Mrs. M------

CLIII.

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
Despotic Body reigns.

CLIV.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! she 's stone blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

CLV.

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

CLVI.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind,

CLVII.

On pillows void of down for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at least,
Our hearts repose in peace.

CLVIII.

That peace, which resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;

'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less.

CLIX.

The loss or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

CLX.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd.

CLXI.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

CLXII.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

CLXIII.

From small experience this I speak;
O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

CLXIV.

My love where due, if not to those
Who leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme?

CLXV.

A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array.

CLXVI.

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

CLXVII.

This revolution, fix'd by Fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

CLXVIII.

But as those ladies'* works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

CLXIX.

So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;

* Mrs. M----. Mrs. C----.

And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

CLXX.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign;

CLXXI.

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,---or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

CLXXII.

And Gorgon shield,---or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly dreadful shone;
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

CLXXIII.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

CLXXIV.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughter's free.

CLXXV.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

CLXXVI.

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

CLXXVII.

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

I.

But what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
"And smile while fortune frowns."

II.

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

III.

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

IV.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

V.

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

VI.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable Ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

VII.

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;
We trespass on the skies.

VIII.

The Lord, and Soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,

Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

IX.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

X.

What glory is for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This the sublime of man!

XI.

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a soil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

XII.

"All that the sun surveys subdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind"——
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

XIII.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

XIV.

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heav'n the rest:

XV.

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world
And made the skies his own.

XVI.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

XVII.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King.

XVIII.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

XIX.

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;

His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

XXXI.

Here, Madam! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

XXXII.

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

XXXIII.

In youth, V—taire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

XXXIV.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away.

XXXV.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot.

XXXVI.

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

XXXVII.

What tho' your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary Friend! is to prefer
Etérnity to time.

XXXVIII.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this? *
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

XXXIX.

Your trash, with mine at open war,
Is obstinately bent, †
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

XL.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

XLI.

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,

* Candid. † Second Part.

Confound us with a double stroke;
We shudder whilst we praise:

XLII.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

XLIII.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I cann't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend V---taire.

XLIV.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

XLV.

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts!
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

XLVI.

"But great your name"---To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

XLVII.

Can fame your carcass from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe, save?

XLVIII.

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

XLIX.

Nor boast your genius; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies.

L.

Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

LI.

Sound heads salvation's helmet * seek;
Resplendent are its rays:
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

LII.

May this enable couch'd V---taire
To see that---All is right, †

* Eph. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

LIII.

If so, all 's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he 'll hear,
" V—taires are now in heav'n."

LIV.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

LV.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

LVI.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care.

LVII.

I behold passing thro' my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

LVIII.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is night.

LIX.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul!

LX.

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

LXI.

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

LXII.

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

LXIII.

Yon' matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care!

Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

LXIV.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell?

LXV.

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

LXVI.

Thro' all the crooked paths I trode
My folly he pursu'd;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

LXVII.

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
Beneath the mask of ill!

LXVIII.

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

LXIX.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

LXX.

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless:
Oft' I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success.

LXXI.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

LXXII.

And is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

LXXIII.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

LXXIV.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free;

A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

LXXV.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less:
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success.

LXXVI.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

LXXVII.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As spangles, o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

LXXVIII.

We to ourselves, but thro' the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

LXXIX.

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines.

LXXX.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wisdom cannot bear.

LXXXI.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end:

LXXXII.

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

LXXXIII.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

LXXXIV.

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose.

LXXXV.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,

Than in their grief and joy misplac'
Eternally are shown.

LXXXVI.

But whether points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

LXXXVII.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few knew the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

LXXXVIII.

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

LXXXIX.

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

XC.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find,
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

XCI.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, thro' life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

XCII.

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

XCIII.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

XCIV.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

XCIV.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
"Ev'n be content with God."

XCVI.

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater took him hence:

This reason fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by Sense.

XCVII.

This friend far past the kindest kind;
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state.

XCVIII.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart,
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear.

XCIX.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe;
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

C.

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reason's bound, will he behold;
Your prudence with a smile;

CI.

A smile which thro' eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

CII.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

CIII.

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears
Which guilt should wash away.

CIV.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

CV.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

CVI.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

CVII.

And is he then so near? so kind?—
How little then, and great,

That riddle, Man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

CVIII.

His fate who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

CIX.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

CX.

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

CXI.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy.

CXII.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He 's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

CXIII.

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

CXIV.

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

CXV.

They warm ev'n me.---I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love;

CXVI.

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

CXVII.

And are we darker than that sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;---if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

CXVIII.

Yea, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love;

Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

CXIX.

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears;
And thus by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres;

CXX.

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

CXXI.

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

CXXII.

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!
Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line cann't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

CXXIII.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

CXXIV.

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

CXXV.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!

CXXVI.

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

CXXVII.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Of drops into distress;

CXXVIII.

Say what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And Wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, ev'ry good.

CXXIX.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;

Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust.

CXXX.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

CXXXI.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

CXXXII.

What tho' I 'm swallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

CXXXIII.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

CXXXIV.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
Meandring streams below.

CXXXV.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire:

CXXXVI.

To thee aspiring they exult;
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

CXXXVII.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast.

CXXXVIII.

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
Distracted or resign'd:

CXXXIX.

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame;
Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heav'n itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

CXL.

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;

And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul?

CXLI.

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime,
Can indignation raise?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise:

CXLII.

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two.

CXLIII.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!
With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

CXLIV.

Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praise, more divine than pray'r:
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praise is already there.

CXLV.

Let plausive Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint;

CXLVI.

Makes the man bless'd as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

CXLVII.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace:

CXLVIII.

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, Madam! "when your heart 's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

CXLIX.

But who to heav'n their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardour court:

CL.

When pray'r partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts thro' heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

CLI.

The lab'ring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees;

I see you far advanc'd in peace;
I see you on your knees.

CLII.

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone?
An humble heart, God's other seat! *
The rival of his throne.

CLIII.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd, in such a cell?

CLIV.

Such honour how shall we repay!
How treat our guest divine?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: Resign.

CLV.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

CLVI.

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

CLVII.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

CLVIII.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

CLIX.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral pow'rs possess'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!

CLX.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

CLXI.

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam:

CLXII.

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd,
In awful lustre rise,

Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies:

CLXIII.

Earth's glories, too, their splendor lose,
Those phantoms charm no more,
Empire 's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

CLXIV.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

CLXV.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

CLXVI.

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

CLXVII.

The man is dead where virtue fails;
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

CLXVIII.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Tho' gasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! thro' thy approach
Is wiser ev'ry hour.

CLXIX.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare;
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

CLXX.

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

CLXXI.

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd;
To suffer it resign'd.

CLXXII.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

CLXXIII.

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,

As bursting on it thro' the thin
Partition of an hour.

CLXXIV.

Hear this, V---taire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

CLXXV.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay V---taire
Should blame V---taire the wise.

CLXXVI.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
V---taire will close with me.

CLXXVII.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

CLXXVIII.

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution 's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

CLXXIX.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.

CLXXX.

Tho' Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey;

CLXXXI.

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

CLXXXII.

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

CLXXXIII.

V—taire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live:

CLXXXIV.

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow;

Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till---to-morrow.

CLXXXV.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle* is my lot:

CLXXXVI.

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

CLXXXVII.

Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

CLXXXVIII.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

CLXXXIX.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

* Letters to Lord Lyttleton.

CXC.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bless'd eternity;
O mayst thou never, never lose
That more than golden key! *

CXCI.

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part:

CXCII.

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust
That we are still alive?

CXCIII.

What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

CXCIV.

Happier, than happiest life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield:

CXCV.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,

* Alluding to Prussia.

Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

CXCVI.

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six!

CXCVII.

To mend the movement of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

CXCVIII.

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

CXCIX.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

CC.

Men's praise your vanity pursues;
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you 'll resign the will:

CCI.

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

I.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet---for his tomb,

II.

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ:
Tho' just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

III

But sing no more---no more I sing,
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

IV.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

V.

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of rapture'd angels drowns

In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

VI.

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

VII.

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
"Above, beneath the sun,
"Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
"Jehovah's will be done."

VIII.

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth 's another hell.

IX.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will 's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of Woe.

X.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

XI.

You know, that Virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping Error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

XII.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

XIII.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born!

XIV.

When ev'ry other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly hurl'd away;

XV.

How happy! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just;
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust!

XVI.

Well-pleas'd to bear Heav'n's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ;

'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

XVII.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

XVIII.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I start not a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

XIX.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

XX.

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

XXI.

Weigh this, ye pupils of V---taire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

XXII.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
To deeply can instill;
A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will;

XXIII.

Tho' will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

XXIV.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme:

XXV.

But, oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

XXVI.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise.

XXVII.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,

" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
" In deed beneath the taught!"

XXVIII.

Means most infallibly to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a path to hell.

XXIX.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre!

XXX.

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what most easy seems)
" To set a just esteem on that
" Which yet he------most esteems,"

XXXI.

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

XXXII.

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices, in the year 1714.

.....Gaudia curis. HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the publick by respect to you.
Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great esteem and honour due
I chose, that moment, to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when Fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing!---but ah! my theme I need not tell!
See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.
Let us look back (for who too oft' can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute not their own.
Her summers heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won:
Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land!
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
The Queen and thy good fortune are the same
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallick squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue soothes the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's pray'r.
How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride;
Not want of rest, nor the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.
Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;

She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.
Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears,
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye Numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of Fame arriv'd,

Say, what a shock what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest ev'ry grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd;
A second time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Here random shafts in ev'ry breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat Arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:

The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.
  Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!
  So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And by degrees, expands the glittering ball;
But when to full perfection blown it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
  'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown;
And Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
  Welcome, great stranger! to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft' did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.

With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chase our foes?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame!
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
Secure his honour, tho' he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great Sir! now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r:
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.
All share: but may we not have leave to boast
That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd
Has thro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd

And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent stain'd
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What tho' thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown 's impatient to inclose thy head;
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
That king 's a Briton who can govern well.

THE INSTALMENT,

MDCXXVI,

To the Right Hon.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam meritis. HOR.

With invocations some their breasts inflame;
I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty Dead! ye garter'd Sons of Praise!
Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that the sword on his proud thigh he plac'd,
This clasp the di'mond girdle round his waist,
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair Glory with a swifter pace.
When Fate would call some mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course;

That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.
See Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure riband and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe thro' Fortune's roughest tide.
If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere,
And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If War's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud which, rising from the Thames,
With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the Continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muse shall kindle and aspire;
My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire;
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
By this thy partial smile from censure free,
'Twas meant for Merit, tho' it fell on me.
Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my Muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.

False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men.
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise what Wisdom should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse lank Flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep, one means must set them free;
Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
Nor those retain when winter chills the year,
The gen'rous orange, fav'rite of the sun,
With vig'rous charms can thro' the seasons run;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring
And 'midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of Envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Let fall no honours, but, securely great,
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate;
No winter knows, tho' ruffling factions press,
By wisdom deeply rooted in success.

One glory shed, a brighter is display'd, *
And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth endites old Time shall read.
" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which soon beat high for arts and public good;
" Whose glory great, but natural, appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly guilt by partial majesty;
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease;
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please;
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere;
" His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
" And smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."
Joy then to Britain, bless'd with such a son;
To Walpole joy! by whom the prize is won;
Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls in affectation, run
To shades, nor were bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to Virtue's cause.

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

Honours which make the face of Virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to publick view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs, alone in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old this azure bloom of glory claim'd;
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival Wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride,
Proclaiming loud a monarch fills the throne
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert who fame despise:
For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail?
And what applause but her propitious gale?
When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd without it, to the lab'ring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore;
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of Envy or by Fortune's tide;
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.
Then let Renown to worth divine incite
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.

Then Merit droops, and Genius downwards tends,
When godlike Glory, like our land descends,
Custom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down,
And high Desert embraces fair Renown.
Tho' rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling in iustice to their own decree)
This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of Fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them by rewarding well.
  Tho' strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.
  Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praise,
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
  No more; for in this dread suspense of Fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick for the great event;
Brunswick! of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE

BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE

POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

MDCCXXXIV.

Written in the character of a sailor.

Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum. HOR.

I.

Ye guardian Gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

II.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, Monarch, great and wise!
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen North I pine;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys
A Fleet whose empire o'er the wave
You grant time strengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

IV.

Ye great by Sea! ye Shades ador'd!
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the sword,
Arise! arise! arise! 'tis Britain charms;
Arise, ye boast of former wars!
And, pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

V.

'Tis done: and see! sweet Clio brings
From heav'n her deep-resounding strings:
Clio! the god * which gave thy charming shell,
Demands its most exalted strain
To sing the sov'reign of the main:
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell?

VI.

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
Or vision in a southern court:
But, mighty Throdes! those truths which make me glow
Your fathers saw, your sons shall see;
Then quit your infidelity.
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

* Neptune.

VII.

Believe me, Kings! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
The lofty pines assume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring earth
Discloses a stupendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

IX.

These ministers of Wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will:
Ye Nations! know; know, all ye sceptred Powers!
In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

X.

Bold is the style when hearts are bold:
Would Britain have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language sound
Than that which thro' black ether rolls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

XI.

In peace she sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire;
But give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my Monarchs! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the Continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now---but I'm struck with pale despair.
My Patrons! what a burst was there!
The strong ribb'd barks at once disploding fly!
Insatiate Death! compendious Fate!
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
One moment's guilt a thousand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obsequies!) the sable wave
Involves in endless night. Ye graveless Dead!
Where are your conquests! now you rove
Pale, pensive thro' the coral grove,
Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wrath's design'd,
In sea-weed wrapt. Alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind!

XVIII.

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
Shut up in triple brass and more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst explain,
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mothers throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon' cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible:
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
O wondrous pow'r of accident!
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
The skill by which destruction swiftly runs,
And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons.

XXI.

In frown and force old War must yield:
The chariot sith'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the castled elephant, were tame,
Tame to rang'd ordnance, which denies,
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder and the flame.

XXII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, and ocean warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy cave
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Suspend your toils, ye brawny Throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin: and, first, take winged flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night.
And trembling Terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans and death; one phial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet Peace celestial! may thy charms
Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
If scenes of blood avenging Fates decree,
For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
For thee charge o'er th' embattled field,
Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas, for thee,

XXVII.

Ev'n now for peace the gods are press'd;
We woo the nations to be bless'd;
For peace, victorious Kings! we call to you:
For peace on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Thro' trackless air and desert skies I flew.

XXVIII.

My former lays,* of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late obstructed ear,
And wake attention to more mild address.

XXIX.

Have I not heard you both declare
Your hearts detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
Hail, then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
Thro' Europe bless'd, with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
To meet your arms comes smiling forth,
And leads soft-handed Peace: how pow'rful he!
His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant sight!
Endless beam on into eternity.

* The foregoing stanzas.

XXXI.

What long allies!---the virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain;
See how her charms in lineal lustre shine!
Thro' ev'ry genuine branch the fire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire:
The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

XXXII.

How fair the field! ye Aonian bees! *
The flow'rs ambrosial, fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
And my thron'd Patron's ravish'd ear
The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

Ev'n mine they taste, and with success:
Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
The fever flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No frenzy, faking friends for foes;
The pulse subsides; they seek repose;
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of Blenheim's plain
I swear the rumour'd war is vain:
Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease!
I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
I swear by great Eliza's shade,
The wise Ibernian is the friend of peace.

* Ye poets.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old
Not all infallibly foretold)
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons! an Augustus reigns;
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

XXXVI.

O, could I sing as you have fought,
I'd raise a monument of thought
Bright as the sun!---How you burn at my heart!
How the drums all around
Soul-rising resound!
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the swords flame on high!
How the cannons' deep knell
Fates of kingdoms foretel!
How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart!

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest? he whose ray
To darkness turns the blaze of day;
Whose boundless favour far outflows the main;
Whose pow'r the raging waves can still,
And curb more rebel human will.---
With peace O bless us! or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Dost thou sustain?------Ye twinkling Fry!
That swim the seas, glide gently by;

Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
Ah! gently glide for life's dear sake,
Nor dare leviathan awake,
Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

XXXIX.

And now who censures this Address?
Thus crowns, states, common men make peace;
They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy;
And when rank Int'rest has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.

XL.

Ambassadors! ye mouths of kings!
Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
What tho' the Muse your province proudly chose?
'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect Poets! in the vale of prose.

XLI.

More safe, O Muse! that humble vale,
Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er;
Dulness and Frenzy curse thy streams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
Or tented fields, or dusty plains,

The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
In Fancy's robe, her flow'ry vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

XLIV.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The refluent captures from my bosom roll;
To heav'n returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal Shell! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd;
My Shell! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific Lyre! my laurell'd Thrones! adieu.
Hear, Atticus! your sailor's song: I sing, I live for you.

SOME THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE

PRESENT JUNCTURE.*

Inscribed to

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Tho' station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which peradventure, may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature;
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's supreme prerogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem

* The late rebellion in 1745.

The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
For as thou mayst give life to Virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trusts to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degen'rate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis, to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the Minister, the Prince adorn;
No pow'r is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman that would shew his pow'r?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it thenceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Tho' this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious follows; we must first be just;

And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home:
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
Yon' savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Tho' some seem more importunate and great.
Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'rests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Tho' Britain's Genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Collossus, tow'ring stands
With one foot planted on the Continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Tho' such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop awhile;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival int'rests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme! and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)

Thus ev'ry statesman thought that ever---dy'd.
There 's inspiration in a sable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wise.
When, thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then chuse; then persevere,
Stedfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.---
These, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their master sting,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,

Close-leagu'd with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land---that starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
Britain!---that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, tho' frozen in our veins
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!---there 's noble magic in the sound,
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant Trophies! and imperial Spoils!
Ye Scenes!---astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream,
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike Strangers! stay.
Strangers!---I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse; the noble pulse of War
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And ev'ry battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.

In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crosiers; crosiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler av'rice, av'rice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of ev'ry field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends
With all the weight of British wrath to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At ev'ry stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix display'd
Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they shed;
By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is The Prince of Peace.
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content:
What modesty!---such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell!

And shall a Pope-bred prinseling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
And whistlecut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne?
One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plund'ring Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still;
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heav'n!
Nature's anointed Empress of the deep!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exub'rant source
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
This once so celebrated seat of pow'r,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
This terror of Armadus! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonean thunders from the Papal chair!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"---Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;

Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the Continent, that world of slaves;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to Liberty,
That health, that strength, that bloom of civil life!
This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine;
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? blushing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.
Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;

Flux, as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?---Aid their aim.
But be the revolution---in our hearts!
Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
The shaken bark of Britain, should outride
The present blast, and ev'ry future storm?
Give it that ballast which alone has weight
With him whom wind, and waves, and war obey.
Persist. Are others subtle? thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just:
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I?"---The most obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;---
Emasculated, then, most manly might;
Or, tho' the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd Weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:

Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heav'n commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not strong in human strength;
"And that the proudest empire holds of Heav'n."
O Britain! often rescu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or most sanguine hopes,
With all that 's great in war or sweet in peace!
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow.
Tho' bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Tho' cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Tho' fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In him, who thee, tho' naked, could defend;
Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.
How oft' to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from War?
Or rather won the day, when War despair'd?
How oft' has providential succour aw'd,

Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much? Kind Heav'n! avert events
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.
"That public voice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of advent'rous Thought?
Or pious Coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason, eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what says common Sense, with common Care
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sign;
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever secondary props may rise
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The basis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten these, the politician's wiles

" But struggle with destruction, as a child
" With giants hudge, or giants with a Jove.
" The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But scare away the vultures for an hour;
" The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The stench of profligates?) soon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our spoils,
" Of universal empire sure presage!
" Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in pow'r:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pulpit presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great?
And are there Sampsons that can burst them all?
Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whose pulse beats virtue, and whose gen'rous blood
Aids mental motives to push on renown,

In emulation of their glorious sires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.
Some sow good seed in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan, in the text;
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who, (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided perhaps by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero* rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogues,
Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.
How must this strike a horror thro' the breast,
Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breast where honour reigns,
Thro' ev'ry breast where honour claims a share?
Yes, and thro' ev'ry breast of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Ferment them into spirit; give them fire
To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of Time
Swept, with their vices, from the mountain-height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Those names at which surrounding nations shook,
Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But Nature's course; no single chance against it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fix'd, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
What saw these eyes, surpris'd?—Yet why surpris'd?—
For did divine the crisis seem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition giv'n?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As gath'ring signal of some strange event,
And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the Fair! so long his empire's queen,
Whose reign is now contested by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

" Ye States! and Empires! nor of empires least,
" Tho' least in size; hear Britain! thou whose lot,
" Whose final lot, is in the balance laid!
" Irresolutely play the doubtful scales, [from me,
" Nor know'st thou which will win.---Know, then,
" As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
" State-ministers, as upright or corrupt,
" Are balm or poison in a nation's veins;
" Health or distemper; hasten or retard
" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
" And tho' for reasons obvious to the wise,
" Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
" Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
" 'Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
" Virtue and Vice are Empire's life and death."
Thus it is written.---Heard you not a groan
Is Britain on her death-bed?---No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.---But soon the scale,
If this divine monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, ye who Rule!
With rev'rence read; with stedfastness believe;
With courage act as such belief inspires;
Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;
Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations sav'd, resounding your applause.
While deep beyond your monument's proud base,

In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
Their execrable names who, high in pow'r,
And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
(The meteors of the state!) give Vice her head,
To license lewd let loose the public rein;
Quench ev'ry spark of conscience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applause:
Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
Their country sell, sell all their father's bought
With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
To propagate the gospel---penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd thro' the world by consecrated bulls;
And how illustrated?---by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that destin'd hell,
Inflicted here, since here their beings end:
That vengeance, soon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
On disbelievers---of the Statesman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By most, or all) these truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,

The Christian Creed. Are you surpris'd! Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler name.
This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentick chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith---" That they who states compose,
" That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
" Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God;
With means, a rectitude immutable,
A pattern sure of universal right.
What then shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True masters there are better scholars here.
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other alms inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,

By providence turn Christians on their road?
Digging for silver they may strike on gold;
May be surpris'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politicks advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politicks, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen sound but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we regard the politicks of Heav'n,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world? a supplement of this:
Without it justice is defective here;
Just as to states, defective as to men:
If so, what is this world? as sure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too;
His prophesy more precious than his smile.
How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own.

So long his politics are uncomplete:
In danger he, nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious pow'r.
What hence results? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
"Sole source of public and of private peace."
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:---and when that 's done
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What Highland poleaxe half so deep can wound?
But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
Assume my seat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inspir'd)
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns rise in my support;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Tho' loud, and far out-threat her threat'ning song.
Still farther, Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely, as I speak to thee.
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim;
And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,

Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In ev'ry British breast true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us ev'ry hour,
Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd,—
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day;
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Tho' the sun ripens di'monds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heav'n ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year;
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of awe
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

VERSES

Occasioned by that famous piece of the

CRUCIFIXION,

DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.*

While his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies:
He studies torment; dives in mortal woe;
To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

* Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

AN HISTORICAL

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, thro' custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade!
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When, rob'd in Black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow,
So sad the scene: what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel?

To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
From such a source!---an emperor's embrace?
He sicken'd soon to death; and, what is worse,
He well deserv'd, and felt the coward's curse;
Unpity'd, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign.
No suit retards, no comfort sooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus---Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask---where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So public blessings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons! shout;----auspicious fortune bless!
And cry, Long live---our title to success!

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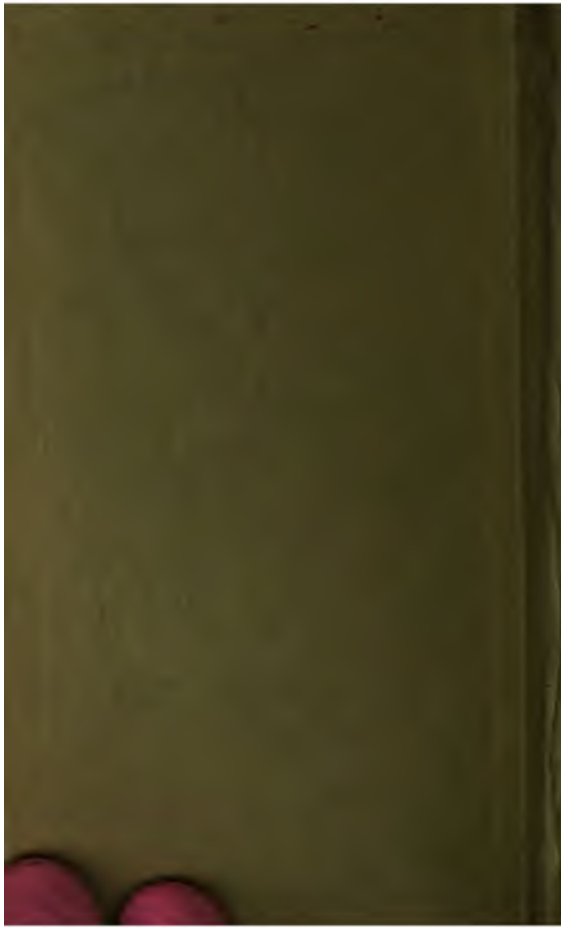

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